

WAS the last of De Tommy was tryrenain wide awake while the Old Year was

dying; But his eyes fell to winking, and lest he should doze, He shut them a moment to gain that repose Of mind and of body, important to keep At midnight, when watching while other

boys sleep. Now Tommy was not a courageous young And his hair stood on end as he heard a

loud rap

On a picture, and saw coming right through the frame A fantastic procession of blind folk and lame.

They limped to his side, and poor Tom stood aghast,
As he heard them exclaim: "We have found you at last!

We're the year's resolutions-you thought When you made us and left us to grow as

And 'tis right you should know 'tis entirely your fault

"Yes," said one who was cross-eyed, "I'm fast growing blind Because you've oft failed to be pleasant and

"And I," said another, "must lean on a crutch Because your quick temper goes off at a touch. "And I am ill-shaped and deformed," cried

a third. "Because you've not always been true to your word." So each one accused him of being to blame, And Tom, blushing and frightened, was covered with shame.

Then one little man, who was bent almost double,
And who looked disappointed and worn out with trouble

('Twas a good resolution which Tommy had made That never for him should a meal be delayed),

With a voice that was cracked and a manner precise. "My friend, here's a bit of advice: What's worth doing at all should be always

well done; Resolutions, if kept, are habits begun, And if you again and again persevere To put us in practice each day of the year, You'll find that in time we'll grow shapely

and strong-That we'll help you to honor and hold you from wrong.'

Here the clock pealed out twelve, but before the last stroke. The dream folk had vanished, and Tommy awoke: He rubbed his eyes smartly, and vowed he'd

remember
His good resolutions until next December. If he does, with the practice that every day gives, He'll form habits to bless him as long as

he lives. -Anna M. Pratt, in Golden Days.

THE -PROFESSOR'S PRESENTS.



said Tom.

They were soon on that side of the table. town where the poorer classes dwell. and where to-night the curbs were lined with booths lit up by flaring torches, and the venders were selling tween the older and the younger man. cheap toys, fruits, candies, evergreens and all sorts of articles, in opposition to the long rows of attrac-

tively lighted and decorated shops. The brother and sister mingled with the crowd, who all seemed imbued with more or less of the holi- renk of "grave and reverend seniors." day humor. Even the blind beggars begged cheerfully and called down genial blessings on the equally cheer- a radiant "spirit of Christmas," with ful givers.

quarter.

For some weeks Aimee had been loose in her jacket pocket before salcovered Aimee's "trick" on the previous Christmas eve, had quietly folry Christmas and God bless you," from the halt and blind, fell to their and two of his "homeless" young bachshare as they gayly passed, borne on- elor friends, Aimee and Prof. Vaughn. ward by the hurrying throng.

Their largesse-or "little largeness," as Tom dubbed it-was not alone for those who begged. An old. withered woman, basket on arm, Tom swiftly following suit. Two tattered children were eying wistfully a stand of cheap toys, when suddenly from some unknown source a nickel dropped into the grimy hand of each, and ande possible the delight which seemed so far away to them the moment before.

much happiness a little-a very little money will buy on Christmas eve!"

who takes," said Aimee. Suddenly fom gave her a nudge. "Hello, look .-just ahead of us,"

said. with head bent slightly forward and hands linked lossely together behind read aloud, and the packages opened

his back. With an impuse of merry mischief ments of the entire party. she reached forward and dropped a sme in the half-open palm

The tall man swiftly turned, gave "O learned man, though you are wise, n exclamation of surprise, and was "You oft need help—as one sans eyes—" an exclamation of surprise, and was greeted by a hearty laugh from Tom. "Prof. Vaughn!"

"My young friend, Tom-and Miss Aimee, also! Well, well-who would have thought of meeting you two in this part qo the town to-night! May I ask what brought you here?"

"Just what brought you, professor, apparently!" laughed Tom. "And then this sister of mine has a fondness for seeking 'the spirit of Merry Christmas,' as she calls it!"

"And apparently she has found it," said the professor, smiling, while Aimee's eyes twinkled and her lips twitched with merriment at the way in which the professor's hand remained closed, as if it contained some treasure.

They walked along together. The professor evidently knew this part of the city well. He had many stories, droll and pathetic, to tell of customs of which they knew nothing, and of stranger customs still, which were practiced in the poorer parts of certain cities abroad.

Aimee listened with delight, while her bright eyes lost nothing of what was going on about her. She emptied her jacket pocket, too, to its last small coin, and so dexterously that the professor never once saw what she was That we stoop, are one-sided, and withered doing, or, at least, that was what and halt." Aimee thought.

He accompanied them to their own door, but would not go in. "No, no-

he read.

Professor, you need mine, I know-Take me, I'm yours--with you I'd go! But should you leave me now, too late You'll feel regret—as sure as fate!
My riddle you can't read? Then look— You'll find the answer in this book!" A ripple of laughter sounded through

"What can't be? It suggests a better half!" said one.

"A wife!" "A housewife, truly!" exclaimed Mrs. Desmond, as the professor awkwardly opened his little package. "Well thought of, Aimee! A useful little article for any bachelor!"

the last thing the professor's eyes rested upon, as he bade the family good night, was Aimee's lovely, laughing And the last thing the professor's bewildered eyes rested upon, in his own

tle photograph which he had found in a pocket of the housewife-a picture of Aimee's lovely face! The professor was sorely puzzled. Had Aimee given him her likenessunasked-or had the photograph slipped in by accident? What did the

doggerel say? "O learned man, though you are wise, You oft need help—as one sans eyes—"
"I do need help!" he said, "and truly I have been blind-till now!"

Professor, you need mine, I know-Take me, I'm yours-with you I'd go!"



HE HELD OUT THE LITTLE PICTURE OF HERSELF.

Christmas eve is no time for an outsider to call. Thank you, no-I'm going home-to bed."

"But, professor," said Aimee, "I want to hear the end of your exciting experience in Bulgaria; if you will not come in and finish the story to-night, you must come and dine with us tomorrow. Oh, you just said you had no engagement-and fancy taking Christmas dinner in a boarding house Please say 'yes,' professor. We shall count on you-at seven. There will be two other such 'homeless waifs,' as you call yourself-friends of Tom's-OME out and see besides ourselves. Tom, escort the prohow 'the other fessor home, and don't leave him until half' spends he has said 'yes!' A merry Christmas, Christmas eve," professor, and au revoir-to-morrow!"

The professor yielded, and, after a "Come out and Christmas day spent rather dismally inhale the spirit alone in his rooms, at seven in the of Christmas in the keen frosty air!" evening he found himself one of a parsaid Aimee. And so they sallied forth. tw of 12 at the Desmonds' hospitable

> He had known the family well ever since Tom's first year in college, when a warm friendship had sprung up be-

> That he was older than Tom-and Aimee-had been a source of regret to him-since last night! In actual point of years he was not old at all, and yet from these young people's standpoint he knew he already belonged to the

And when he found himself at the dinner table beside Aimee-who looked a sprig of holly in her nut-brown hair The sight was not new to them, for | -he thought her more lovely and the year before Aimee and Tom had merry and girlish-looking than ever, spent Christmas eve in this same and he felt himself unusually old and dull.

But he did not dream that her bright hoarding her small coins to "invest" eyes had detected the shade of unto-night, and these she had dropped reasonable sadness which suddenly came over her guest, or that she had lying forth. And Tom, who had dis- set herself the task of dispelling it.

It was a genial Christmas party, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Desmond, their lowed her example. So many a "Mer- married daughter, her husband and their three half-grown children. Tom

And it proved a delightful dinner, where everyone had some good-natured joke or story to tell at his neighbor's expense. And when, during its course, Aimee's eyes caught sight of a dime paused doubtfully before a stall of dangling from a split ring on the profreit, and Aimee dropped her largest fessor's watch chain, she was decidedsilver piece in the old crone's basket, ly amused. And at the same time she wondered why, though his lips were laughing, his eyes seemed sad.

After dinner they all adjourned to the library, where coffee was served, and was followed by Aimee's little "surprise."

She had disappeared for a moment, and returned to the room bearing a "It's wonderful," said Tom, "how miniature Christmas tree on a silver salver. It seemed ablaze with tiny candles, and little parchment scrolls "It bles es him who gives and nim were tied to the branches with bright ribbons of every hue.

There was a scroll for each of the party, containing a bright bit of neusense in rhyme, to describe or sug-And Aimee waw a tall, spare man, gest the contents of the accompanying package. And these were each amid the laughter and merry com-

And so at last it came the profes-

sor's turn.

"Aimee, do you mean it-you, yourself? No, no, or you never would have said it thus; of that I'm sure!" But should you leave me now, too late

You'll feel regret-as sure as fate!' "Regret-Aimee, if I can't win you I shall feel despair!" "My riddle you can't read? Then look-

You'll find the answer in this book!" "And the answer is-your likeness-

secret, even before it had been fully revealed to himself, and could she have taken this artful way-to give him courage? No, a thousand times no! That could never be Aimee's way. And

He looked at her picture again and he read the doggerel again. Finally he went to bed, but he could not sleep, He was haunted by Aimee's lovely face.

Early the next afternoon the professor went to the Desmonds' and asked to see Miss Aimee.

He noted that she seemed surprised to see him.

"I came to return something," he said, watching her anxiously. She seemed puzzled. Then she laughed gayly and extended her hand.

"My poor little ten-cent piece! I hope you didn't really think I mistook you for a blind beggar!" "Indeed, Miss Aimee, you will find

that I am a beggar, and I am sure that I have been quite blind. But it is not the dime; you really gave me that, and I have a right to keep it-for luck!" "But-I really don't understand,"

said Aimee. "It's not the poor little housewife, I hope?" "No! but this-which I found hidden within it," and he held out the little

picture of herself. An expression of surprise, followed

by a wave of color, overspread her face. "Oh-I'm very glad you didn't think-" "No," he said, seriously. "I tried at first to think so, but I simply couldn't,

and so-'

"I will tell you how it came to be there," said Aimee, quickly. "I had completely forgotten it, but I remember now. I made the little housewife for Tom when we thought he was going to the war. And I slipped that picture in, because he always had liked it, and I thought he might come across it some time and be glad to see it. Then he didn't go, after all, so I just put it one side. And when I wanted something for you in a hurry for my 'nonsense tree,' I thought of that, though I'd forgotten all about the picture. I thank you for not misunderstanding-

and for bringing it back to me." "But-I want to keep it," said the professor, earnestly, "unless-unless you will give me the original. Aimee, am I asking the impossible! I love you; I cannot live-happily-without ington Star. you. Aimee-"

But her face, her gesture answered "I am a fool to have told you this so soon," he ended, abruptly.

"Oh, professor!" said Aimee, very "Forget that I am a professor, and think of me for carce as Robert Vaughn! Think of me as a man-and not such an

old man, either, in spite of a few gray But a very unreasonable and foolish

man!" thought Aimes, though wisely she did not put her thought in words.

The interview ended as such interviews usually end. And the professor, when he went away, carried with him a heavy heart-and the little photograph of Aimee's lovely face.

It was a strange thing, but Aimes could not for one moment forget the professor's words: "I love you. I cannot live - happily - without you!" They rang in her ears, and his faceas it had been when he said those words-haunted her day and night through all the round of holiday gayeties which followed, though during those days she saw him no more.

She did not desire to see him, yet-un-So the evening passed merrily, and consciously at first-she came to contrast him, his manner, his mode of speech, with every man she met. And each of these she ranked in proportion as they approached or fell below the professor's level.

So New Year's eve came, and midroom long after midnight, was a litnight found Aimee and Tom with a party of their friends, watching the old year depart.

Some one had been reciting Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year." And the words,

He gave me a friend and a true, true-love, And the New Year will take 'em away,' struck Aimee as ominous. They echoed through her dreams all night, and they came back to her next morning when she took up the paper and read of an accident which had occurred on a trolley the night before, in which Prof. Robert Vaughn had been injured so seriously that his death was momentarily expected.

Then it was that the truth was revealed to her, and her heart echoed the professor's own words: "I love you. I cannot live-happily-without you!" The family were so concerned over the bad news of their friend that Aimee's face was not noticed.

Nor did it seem strange or unusual to them when she went out alone to the early service at the church.

Aimee wanted to be alone with her secret and her sorrow. The holy words to which she listened made her more calm. And when the service was ended she walked on to the street where she knew the professor lived. She would pass the door, and if he were alreadygone-there would surely be some sign by which she would know-the worst. But she saw no sign, and, though she dared not hope, she paused and

breathed a little inarticulate prayer. The door above suddenly opened and shut again, and the tall'figure of a man came swiftly down the steps.

"Aimee-Miss Aimee-you!" "Oh, professor! Then-you are not -dead! He looked searchingly into her piti-

ful, white, lovely face. "Professor?" he queried. "Robert!" she breathed, with a lit-

tle sob. "Thank Heaven! No, I am not dead!" he said, cheerily, tucking her unresisting hand within his arm with a

confident air of possession. "That part of the account was all a mistake-but a blessed mistake, my Aimee-for I believe I have that to nidden—for none but my eyes to see!" thank for giving you to me—and mak He needed her. Ah, yes, he knew it | ing this the happiest New Year of my now. But could she have guessed his life!"--Judith Spencer, in Ladies' World, New York.

IT WOULDN'T WORK.



The New Year's habit-swearing off-He practiced all his life; It didn't seem to do much good, Nor help to fool his wife.

In This New Year. The wound to feel-the cross to bear In this New Year. With many a sigh and many a tear; And the red wreath of thorns to wear In this New Year.

But faith is strong, and hope is fair In this New Year; Back of the clouds the stars shine clear— The brighter day is hovering near In this New Year.

Blight this New Year. The lilies of God's love appear-The bells of Love are ringing clear In this New Year!

-F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

No wintry landscapes dim and sere

Seems Too Bad.

"Of course, I shouldn't want to stand in the way of anything that you feel like doing in the way of New Year's reformation," she said. "But it does seem too bad-" "What seems too bad, my dear?" asked her husband.

"That you should feel obliged to ston smoking just after I have given you those levely Christmas cigars."-Wash-

Why He Liked It. "It's too bad," said Willie Wishington, "that the good old custom of making calls New Year's day is slowly but

surely dying out." "Do you like the practice?" "Verwy much. When you cawn't think of anything else you can say: 'Happy New Year,' and it's the only time when I evah feel weally at home as a conversationalist. -- Washington CORN-No. 2 mixed...

IN A PEANUT SHELL.

Shelled neanuts contain from 30 to 50 per cent. of oil.

In 1899 some 80,000 tons of peanuts were used in Marseilles alone for oilmaking.

Of the 4,000,000 bushels of peanuts raised in this country 3,000,000 bushels are used as roasted peanuts.

It is quite possible that the highly nutritious peanut product of our southern fields may come to be used in more ways than at present, and especially in combination with other food materials.

Roasted peanut, ground into an oily meal and generally mixed with water to the consistency of butter, has been put on the market and is used to spread on bread. There are those who like its flavor when it is fresh.

When the oil has been pressed from the ground peanut the mass remaining, called oilcake, is used for fattening cattle. Some experiments have also been made as to its food value for human beings. Oilcake contains 47 per cent. of protein and 9 per cent. of fat and starch and costs about 5 cents a pound.

At present the American peanut crop is not large enough to more than supply the roaster and confectioner, hence the pressing of oil from the peanut has never become established here, but in Europe large quantities of the Africanraised nut are used for this purpose.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

St. Joseph, Mo., is to follow Boston's example and provide portable schoolhouses for the overflow from the regular schools.

Up to 1880 France had only private high schools for girls. Now there are 40 lyceums supported by the state and 28 by cities.

There are 23,778 young men in the medical colleges of the United States; less than half as many-11,874-in the law schools and only about one-third as many-8,261-in the theological seminaries. The cost of the public schools of

Greater New York for the year 1901 will be \$17,710,078. The number of pupils in the schools is estimated at 408,-112. So that the average cost for each pupil is \$43.39. The emperor of Austria believes that

it is well for the nobility to get its knowledge of the commons at first hand, and so has ordered that one of his grandnephews be sent to the public schools of Vienna. President Pritchett, of the Massachusetts institute of technology, says the cane rush must be given up. When

dreds easily explains the recent fa-ARMY AND NAVY.

the classes were smaller the danger

was slight, but the momentum of hun-

Japan will shortly be the strongest naval power in the far east.

The total arms-bearing population of Europe is about 35,000,000 men. Twenty-five Victoria crosses have

been awarded so far in the South African war. Following the increase of population, the recruits joining the colors this year in Russia numbered 297,100,

against 291,100 in 1899. The high explosive lyddite, which was used extensively by the British in the South African war, is now said to have been deficient in several important respects, and it is said that few of the shells fired from the field pieces ex-

ploded satisfactorily. The Italian government recently ordered investigations to be made as to the extent to which anarchism had developed in the army. The inquiry showed that a considerable number of soldiers professed anarchistic ideas. All these men were taken from their corps and formed into a special regiment, which is 2,500 strong.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Dec. 28. CATTLE-Common .. \$2 50 @ 3 75 Extra butchers 4 80 @ 4 85 CALVES-Extra 7 00 @ 7 25 HOGS-Choice packers 4 95 @ 5 05 Mixed packers 4 85 @ 4 95 SHEEP-Extra 3 50 @ 3 60 LAMBS-Extra @ 5 00 FLOUR—Spring pat.. 3 90 @ 4 30 WHEAT—No. 2 red... @ 78 CORN-No. 2 mixed.. OATS-No. 2 mixed.. RYE—No. 2 HAY-Best timothy .. (@14 50 PORK-Family @ 12 75 LARD-Steam BUTTER-Ch. dairy.. @ 6 671/ Choice creamery ... APPLES—Ch. to fancy 3 00 POTATOES—Per brl.. 1 65 @ 1 75 TOBACCO—New10 00 @11 25 Old12 00 @14 75 Chicago.

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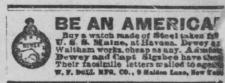
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7 39 am

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